MassArt Center of Vision

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... Just so we're on the same page ...

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gentrifi-what?

ONE STUDENT'S EXPERIENCE WITH GENTRIFICATION ON THE HILL

This past semester I was taking Seminar 1 and 2 for Art Education. The goal of these two courses is to give an opportunity for students to build their artist and teacher practices in urban contexts. Whenever we would enter a new location as a class, we were briefed on the fact that we would be in an environment of mixed

ethnicities. This was crucial to our interactions, as I think we can forget that the thoughts and experiences of others are often unlike our own.

For a few weeks we went to the Charlestown Senior Center to incorporate art into a setting that lacks it. The woman I worked with was pretty bitter about life. Trying to be optimistic, I asked her where she was from. She mentioned the old West End in Boston, which was torn down and rebuilt in the late 1950s. She was about 20 at the time. Forced out of where she lived, she went to go live in Charlestown, and has been there ever since. I think if you are forced to leave where you live, you may have a negative connotation of the place you relocated to.

Gentrification is a shift in the urban environment towards wealthy residents and/or businesses. When I

Two students drink on a porch on Mission Hill. Photos: Ashleigh Tait

put down the deposit on my first apartment in early 2013 on Mission Hill, I was pretty nervous and a bit excited to be in a new place off campus. The first week my roommates and I were there in September, we walked down to the Comcast center in Roxbury to sign up for Internet. The woman who helped us gave us instructions on how to set up the modem, and couldn't help but make a comment that she used to live on the Hill. We were so intrigued to met someone familiar with the area that we asked her where. It turns out she was on the street behind ours. The landlords raised the prices, as the universities needed more housing, causing the current tenants of families to be pushed out. They knew they could charge a much higher amount because students coming from all over would need a place to live. They were right.

Before that moment, I didn't really understand what gentrification was; much less think I was to blame. Now I can't help but think that I live in an apartment that belongs to someone else. At the same time, I know that there is almost no chance at finding housing on-campus as an "almost Senior" at MassArt.

Mission Hill has a population of around 20,000, as of 2011. According to an article published this January in the Mission Hill Gazette, the undergraduate student population has dropped off a bit from record highs in 2013. Northeastern's undergraduate students make up the majority of the Hill, at around 1,300 students. MCPHS follows with around 550, Wentworth has around 200, MassArt, 160, and Berklee has around 50 students. A lot of this has to do with the fact that there is a lack of on-campus housing available. Northeastern is a large university, and while it does have

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Valentines Letters

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

Dear boy with the beard,
You can be my lumberjack any day.

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

I think about you when I read my fan fiction smut. I want to see you in all the racy cosplays.

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

To that guy that peed on my foot in tower 6th floor men's room: don't pretend you didn't know. #pissed-connection #heavyflow

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

CONTINUED PAGE 7

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

Working THE Night SHIFT

The summer after my sophomore year I got a job as an overnight worker in a grocery store. I was originally hired to work at a wine store in town, but shortly after giving me the job they decided it would be best to never answer my calls ever again. The grocery store near my house was desperate for third shift people, so I got the job immediately.

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Up until the seventeenth century, segmented sleep was the norm— which is when people spend four hours asleep, wake up for three hours in the middle of the night, then continue sleeping for another four. During the time between sleeps people generally read, prayed, had sex, or other things that didn't require leaving the bedroom; though some used this time to go out and visit neighbors. This sleeping schedule faded away mostly due to new forms of lighting, and by the twentieth century bedtime had changed to what is now considered the norm. Studies have shown that people deprived of light for fourteen hours a day will naturally fall back into the circadian rhythm of segmented sleep.

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Most days I woke up around seven or eight at night. I'd ride my bike to work to get there by ten thirty. I'd ride back around six the next day; eat some breakfast while watching the sun come up and then unwind with some early morning Boy Meets World. I usually fell asleep around nine or ten.

It took about four days for my body to get used to the new schedule, but once I was acclimated, I slept better than I had my whole life. The content of my dreams also changed for the better during this time. My dreams are generally nightmares, but they became much more tranquil when I slept during the middle of the day. I'm not sure why the majority of my dreams were so pleasant that summer, or why so many of them were set at Six Flags.

My job consisted of moving several palettes of boxes to the front and unloading them on the shelves. Afterwards I'd have to crush garbage in the back. The first few nights were miserable, as I hadn't yet reset my sleep schedule. My thoughts and sense of time became very strange after a few days of being sleep deprived. I spent forever staring at rows of what seemed to me to be completely identical boxes of food— trying to find the right spot on the shelf. While I stocked I often fantasized about different ways of getting out of work, often involving some kind of semi serious work injury.

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There are several names for the moments before falling asleep, such as: hypnagogia, the borderland state, and the pre dream condition. As we slowly lose consciousness we often have hallucinations of colors and shapes, known as phosphenes, along with nonsensical sentences and free associations in thinking. Writers as early as Aristotle commented on seemingly alien thoughts and images drifting into your mind before sleep, and the inspiration that can be gained from them.

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The average age of my coworkers was about forty. There was an army guy who nicknamed me Air Force for some reason and always yelled at me when I put my hands in my pockets. Denise was a single mother and glass artist whose taste in movies was almost identical to mine, especially her enjoyment of cult horror movies like Eraserhead and Possession. My boss Carter spent a lot of time eating sandwiches in the front of

"The Stare" Orfeo Fabbri, Painting, '15

"Chain-Linked" Raquel Anghilante, Industrial Design, '17

Style of the ~sters

Overtly Oversized Outfits

Chances are you aren't too obese to physically leave your house, so why not walk a mile in those pants? If all your clothes "fit", grab a belt your size and run to the nearest thrifty-nifty thrift shop. 'Why?' you may ask. Because you NEED pants that are WAY too BIG.

What's to be done with Jared from Subway's pants when he's done with his miracle diet? Play with proportions. Prop up your new oversized pants with a waist belt. Cinch away! Why not throw on an XXXXXL T-shirt over your fav tight jeans?

Give your crotch a break n' break free of the obligatory, outrageously tight trouser trend. Why wear skinnies exclusively? Peeps with peens (aka people with a penis) oughtta let the snake hang free every now n' then. If you're parts are inverted, maybe you can incorporate big pants into your wardrobe, leaving legs to the imagination of admirers.

Shirts are more versatile when the ultimate fit is being sacrificed. A shirt is a shirt, but shit, a BIG shirt could double as a dress. Maybe you can cut off a good chunk of fabric from a shirt too-big-for-'ya to make a crop top— less chance of a nipslip! Try cutting off sleeves to make a comfy muscle T (no muscles required). Maybe an oversized T will look good tucked into pants/skirts/whatever.

Where do the chicest fashionistas/hipsters/nowsters shop for things like big pants or tops? Wal-Mart, of course! They come in packages of 5, 10, 15, a million! But, if you're opposed to child labor, maybe it would be a better idea to poke around a second-hand shop.

Be free with what goes on your bod. Take a tip from Tim Gunn and "Make it work", even if that means adding a belt or sewing in some elastic.

Kaylyn Edson

NATURALSELECTION.NET

the store. The only other guy my age, a really gracious guy named Brendan, was taking classes to eventually become a cop. I always felt guilty going home at the end of a shift, since it seemed that none of these people ever slept, as most of them also had day jobs and children to take care of.

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Fatal familial insomnia: extreme insomnia along with hallucinations start occurring during the first few months. After about nine months the sufferer entirely loses the ability to sleep. After three months of complete sleep deprivation the patient becomes unresponsive and mute. Death generally occurs after six months of this dementia. At the moment there is no known cure. Another interesting example I found of fatal sleep disorders was the unexplained rise in the nineteen eighties of young Asian men dying during nightmares.

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I was curious before starting, to see what kind of people would go grocery shopping in the dead of night. For the most part it was others who worked strange hours and drunken people. But I also encountered a couple of characters; such as a little elderly woman who told me she did all her shopping at night because she hated children. There was also the guy who came into my aisle at around four wearing a t-shirt that said, "party animal" in bubble letters in order to buy peanut butter, jelly, and bread. I realized he was probably tripping on some drug as he tried to tip toe past me. The way his eyes were darting around and the paranoid expression on his face looked as if he were walking through one of those murder-themed funhouses (you know, we've all been in one). Some of my interactions with customers were more depressing. One night a man whose jaw was wired shut tried to buy groceries, but didn't have enough money on his EBT card. He frantically pointed to his items and grunted through his nose. We gave him a paper and pencil to try to communicate, but what he handed us back didn't even look like letters. He ended up leaving in frustration.

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With the rise of street lighting, night became a time for work and socializing. Pre-industrial night was considered the time that criminals, prostitutes, and other subclasses roamed the streets. It was also believed that Satan and the occult were stronger in darkness, furthering people's fear of the nighttime.

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The novelty of staying up all night wore off after about a week. It would have been a lot more interesting if I hadn't been stuck moving boxes of detergent and such the whole time. Anyone who goes to an art school knows that staying up all night to finish something is normal, especially at the end of a semester. This essay was mostly finished around five AM, because I work better this way.

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12% of people dream in black and white. Before color television it was 75%.
Some dreams are universal and span different cultures, such as ones about being chased, falling, losing the ability to move, and being naked in public.

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LUKE HOLLYER
Animation
'15

student showcase

"FRICKE"

STATS:
Height: 6'2"
Go to attack: The other day I threatened someone to write my name on the inside of their underpants.
Beard Strength: Not quite Norris.

The most important thing someone should know about you?

I'm terrified of everything and therefore don't take anything seriously.

(Typical Boston student question) Pizza or Chinese food?

Pizza, but burritos over anything.

What's the dumbest thing you've ever done?

I can't talk about that one to a newspaper.

Favorite artist or artists?

I don't know, I guess I don't really like art.

Preferred medium?

Wood.

Where do you find inspiration?

Naps.

Describe your work in one word.

Questionable.

How do you keep your girlish figure?

Beer and burritos.

CASEY PARKER
(TALKING WITH DAVID FRICKE)

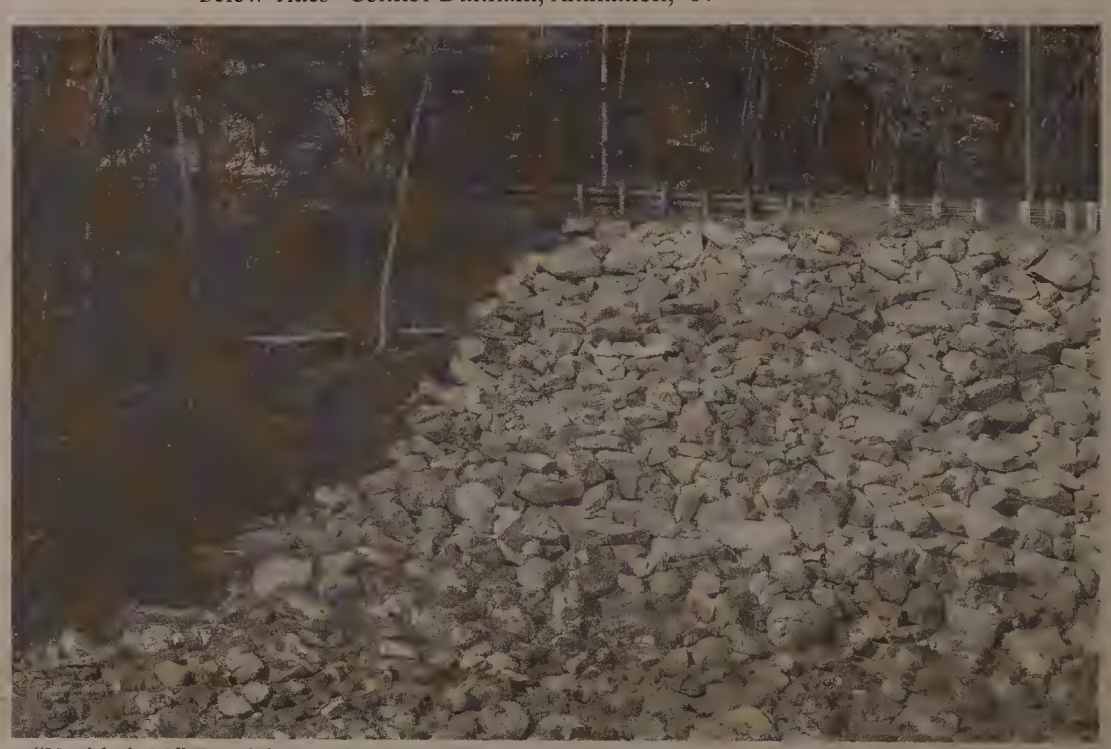
"Shadows" Raquel Anghilante, Industrial Design, '17

TO NOMINATE A STUDENT TO BE SHOWCASED IN NEXT MONTHS ISSUE, EMAIL YOUR NOMINATION TO SNEWS@MASSART.EDU, ALONG WITH SOME REASONS FOR WHY THIS PERSON DESERVES TO BE SHOWCASED AND ALL THAT JAZZ.

"Canterbury" Tom Hilsee, Architecture, '15

"Below Tides" Connor Dunham, Animation, '17

"Untitled-01" Derrick Woods-Morrow, Photography, '15



"Untitled-02" Derrick Woods-Morrow, Photography, '15

"Untitled-03" Derrick Woods-Morrow, Photography, '15

"Wisp" Connor Dunham, Animation, '17

"Male Study" Orfeo Fabbri, Painting, '15

"Woman in Blue" Orfeo Fabbri, Painting, '15

"Undisclosed Serenity" Connor Davis, SIM, '16

"Imbalance" Joshua Hernandez, Industrial Design, '16

"Through the Trees" Raquel Anghilante, Industrial Design, '17

"Elevated" Connor Dunham, Animation, '17

talks WITH eddie

Eddie: It's kind of like Camus' philosophy on life, like the 'have no hope'. Where he's talking about Sisyphus, who was punished by the gods so he had to roll a stone up and down a hill. Like he would roll it up, and then it would roll back down. He would have to catch it at the bottom and roll it back up again, only to have it roll down again. And he had to do that for his entire life. And his philosophy is that that is all life will ever be. But Camus wrote an essay on it and at the end said something along the lines of, "just imagine Sisyphus is happy though".

Me: That's exactly what I wanted to say. 'Cause really life isn't all that important, and if the stone goes up or down it doesn't really matter, so you might as well enjoy pushing it around if that's all you have.

Eddie: Its like "Ya gotta push the stone around!" Zeus is holding a lightning bolt to the back of your head!

Me: Oh yeah, well I guess in that case,

Eddie: Yeah, in that case it's different. But just Imagine that's all he could ever do— it's irrelevant why he's pushing the stone.

Me: But in the same way all we can ever do is do what we're doing. The point I've gotten to is that you really can't control your fate so you might as well, not worry about... like, I mean people are really bothered by what other people are saying or thinking about them or what they have to conform to. And it's like, those people, whatever they say, you're still going to die. So none of that is going to affect your fate, so you might as well just fucking do what you want.

Eddie: See like that's the only fate that we have though, and some people don't seem to recognize that. Everyone dies eventually. But some people get caught up in the idea that "I need to do something other than die!" "I'm destined to do something other than die!" — Well, no your not. You're gonna do what you feel like doing, until you die.

Me: Exactly, so you might as well enjoy that. Like maybe we'll find something out, maybe we'll stumble upon some meaning while we're pushing the stone around, I mean who knows.

Eddie: Or maybe we'll just get better at pushing the stone around and get happier as a result of pushing the stone down the hill.

Me: Why wouldn't you stop pushing the stone though, ya know? It's like, well, maybe something different will happen!

Eddie: It's like if you stop pushing the stone up the hill you'll have nothing to do.

Me: Yeah, and it's like, you're here. When you're gone you're going to be gone, so why get there any faster?!

Eddie: You might as well just give it a shot.

Me: Maybe the stone will fly!

Eddie: Who really cares, maybe it'll create like a groove in the ground.... Haha maybe the stone will fly....

Joint laughter

TOM HILSEE (TALKING WITH EDDIE)

PHILIPPINES a haunted nation

The Philippines is a country that is extremely stricken by poverty and has suffered countless natural disasters and wars. Despite all of these things that should defeat a nation, Filipinos remain happy, fun loving, and carefree. There is a saying that Filipinos are weatherproof and love to laugh; they rely on their good humor and faith in God to stay strong year after year.

I am half Filipino. I was born in Manila and just recently

returned from visiting my family there for Christmas and New Years. During my visit, my family had countless ghost stories to share, as usual. The scars of war, poverty and disasters past have left their mark on the land; and it seems to me that the country itself is haunted. I have always wondered if it was the land that was haunted, or if it was perhaps the people. Filipinos are strong in their religious faith yet still very superstitious by nature. Whenever my family shares their ghost stories with me, I am filled with wonder, curiosity and fear. However, as a kid, I was scared shitless.

A place where many "ghost sightings" have occurred is Balete Drive. Balete Drive, an undivided carriageway that bisects very old Spanish houses, is very famous and well known to most Filipinos. A giant balete tree that used to grow in the middle of the road is what gives the street its name. The baletes are a tree species that is native to the Philippines; it is believed to attract supernatural spirits. A family priest of ours even warned us to never plant balete trees on our property because of its appeal to the spirits! Balete Drive has been deemed haunted since the 1950's when frequent sightings of a "White Lady" were reported. It is said that she was raped and killed by a taxi driver, and frequently appears inside taxi cars during the graveyard hours. She is still seen wandering Balete to this day, and has caused many car accidents... or so goes the legend.

There are other famous Filipino folk tales that tell of scary monsters. Tales of manananangals (vampires), aswangs (shape shifters), kapres (giants) and duwendes (dwarves) are well known amongst most Filipinos. However, the stories that really terrified me as a child were the ones that happened to my family directly. These were no longer distant folk tales, they were real.

A family ghost story that always sent shivers up my spine happened to my mom and her sisters. It took place on a street called Bouganvilla in the Balete Drive area. For me this story forever confirmed Balete's haunted nature. One night, my mom and her three sisters were on their way to go bowling. They were listening to the radio and laughing at whatever joke my tita Tinnie had cracked. To get to the local bowling alley from their house, they had to pass through Balete Drive. As they turned onto the very narrow street called Bouganvillia Road, the radio started to omit a low static sound. They all stopped talking and everything got very quiet, and to this day they can't say why.

Up ahead, they saw two elderly Spanish women wearing nightgowns and holding lanterns aloft their heads. They stood on either side of the narrow street staring at each other. Their bare feet were flat on the ground, but their straight bodies were leaning forward at a 45 degree angle against the street. Something was very off about these women; no human being could possibly stand in that manner without falling over. My tita Glenda, who was driving the car, continued along the street, driving past the two women. Their faces were inches away from the car windows. The time it took to drive past the faces of the two women seemed to take forever. Once past, my tita Glenda looked into the rearview mirror and saw that the women had turned their heads towards them, watching my mother's car finally turn the corner. Once the two Spanish women were out of sight, the radio came back on. The four girls stayed silent for a bit, then turned to each other and screamed. They still can't explain what happened that night and get goose bumps when recalling what happened.

This is one among several ghost stories told to me by my family. I too have experienced things in Manila that have changed my views on the afterlife, buts those stories are for another time. There's a reason why Filipino ghost stories are so scary, and it is because they are true.

NICKY ROSE KAVENY

gentrifi-what? CONTINUED

many housing options, it is also typically a five-year program for most students. They have recently made it a requirement that students must live on campus for at least two years. They are also in the process of building another dorm. MCPHS on the other hand, has no plans for building another dorm, but they rent space from the Tree House and are looking to expand to other colleges. Colleges are part of the problem, but a lot of other young professionals can also afford the expensive price tag.

students on the hill:

MCPHS: 550
NORTHEASTERN: 1300
WENTWORTH: 200
MASSART: 160
BERKLEY: 50

In a thesis written by Jessica Elton titled, "Contending with Privileged Influx: Lessons From Boston's Mission Hill," Elton writes about the population history as well as possibilities for change in terms of what she calls privileged influx, which "draws greater attention to the entrance of new residents". Some strategies that have been created so that there is less displacement of original residents is the creation of subsidized housing and the idea of electing officials who support rent control. The main reason Elton says that students are privileged relative to the Mission Hill community is that they are "...preparing for a life of greater opportunities. The opportunity to pursue higher education will support students to pursue a range of careers that provide high salaries, which will further allow this population a wider array of lifestyle choices".

One of the first instances of the city creating privileged influx was when they renovated the Mission Main apartments into more single units. This displaced a lot of families that had been living in multi-person units. Two of the main groups that care about the displacement of original residents are the Back Of The Hill Community Development Corporation (BOTH CDC) and the Community Alliance of Mission Hill. City Life/Vida Urbana allows tenants to negotiate with landlords on rent. Other non-profits include Sociedad Latina and Action for Boston Community Development, which encourages and assists people with low incomes to pursue higher education.

Elton wrote this thesis in 2003, and things seem all too similar still, with students and realtors roaming the Hill every January.

LAURA PENNEY
Art Education & Photograpgy
'15

ARE YOU A TALENTED WRITER OR PHOTOGRAPHER? HAVE A DESIRE TO PRACTICE JOURNALISM? WANT TO BE AN ORGANIZER? JOIN THE PAPER! SEND AN EMAIL TO SNEWS@MASSART.EDU TO TELL US YOU'RE INTERESTED!

"Daydream Boundaries" Connor Dunham, Animation, '17

C.A.C.P. art in our community

CACP (Center for Art and Community Partnerships) is a branch under academic affairs, located on the second floor of Kennedy. CACP can be broken down into four groups: Student/Community Connections, Community Exhibitions Initiative, sparc! The ArtMobile and Community-Based Teaching and Learning. The foundation of which CACP stands for is to bring MassArt students (past or present), faculty, people in close proximity to the school, and businesses together to create art related projects and long-term, quality based partnerships.

Souper Bowl (Courtesy CACP website)

Now, you may be wondering what could this do for you? If you go to the office you could speak with Richard, who overlooks sparc! the ArtMobile, or Emma, the other MACC AmeriCorps VISTA. (Which is just a long way of saying that she gets paid by the government and is here to help you.) Or speak with any of the other more than qualified employees at the office. They can direct you to partners they've collaborated with in the past, such as: Haley House Bakery Café, Discovery Roxbury, Dudley Library
and Parker Hill Library.

Or you can go to some of the events that they host, like The Souper Bowl 6, which is held at Haley House Bakery Café. Or you can hang up artwork through the Community Exhibition Initiative, which is always accepting submissions at massart.edu/CommunityExhibitions. Or join in with the sparc! ArtMobile, which brings art to different neighborhoods and generations. Also, professors, have the opportunity to teach workshops and classes outside of the school. You can also propose an event by going to massart.edu/CACP and filling out an inquiry form or talking to someone in person at the office. To find out more information: massart.edu/CACP, cacpinfo@massart.edu, www.facebook.com/cacpmassart, (617)-879-7330, sparctheArtMobile.com, and you can follow sparc! The ArtMobile on twitter!

IMAN R. LOUIS-JEUNE

Valentines Letters

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

Dear beardy dude,
I heart your beard.
Love,
Hairy Man Lover

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

Dear Fancy Feast,
Thanks for keeping my cats happier than a pig in the mud— you are a true valentine. Love,
Crazy Cat Lady

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

Are you made up of copper and tellurium?
Because you're Cu Te

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

My sweet, sweet love, who I cherish and admire,
with all my heart.
I ask you if I can compare you to a summer's day.
It is quite clear that the great creator in heaven above
had devoted his time crafting your beautiful physique.
You give me strange feelings I had not ever felt—
It causes me to investigate the deepest cavities of my soul,
and what I find frightens me, for my love for you
surpasses my ability to restrain myself.
Come away with me in the night,
and we will build a kingdom in a desolate tower
off the southern coast of Russia, just north of Japan.
With love,
your secret admirer

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

Missed connection #2
Me: The young gentleman in a brown blazer and turtle shell glasses.
You: the truly stunning and intelligent barista who made me my frappadino grande. I could tell we had a genuine connection from the way you coyly giggled at my Oscar Wilde reference. (I love finding someone else with an actual interest in good literature.)
Anyway, if you ever see this I'd love the chance to let you tug on my man parts.

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

An Italian boy In Greece— a pretty fucking perfect 10 hours. Gleaming white islands, clear blue water and octopi dripping on our heads. The only English you spoke was movie references, but those big brown eyes and that grin, made up for the fact that I never saw Titanic.

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

ADVICE COLUMN
inspiration

Dear Henry Novak,

Last semester I had a really hard time coming up with ideas for my work. I'm in a creative rut and don't know where I can find inspiration that excites me enough to create great art. I need to get my act together for this upcoming semester and make something worthwhile. What would you suggest I do?

-Would Be from JP

Finding inspiration for your work can be one of the hardest things in the art making process, especially in a school setting. Often times we can get caught up in what the assignments are and lose sight of what we want to create. As students you need to be able to fulfill the teacher's assignment, but also create work that shows your voice as an artist.

While it can be difficult at first, once you start figuring out what you want to make, it gets easier. I would start by forgetting about art for a second. What do you like to do in your free time? When you're working on a project or an assignment how do you unwind? Now that you have that, let's think about why you like doing that; really try to pinpoint what is at the core of your enjoyment.

With my work I explore the ideas of travel. Riding my bike, going on walks, and taking the train have always been something I loved to do. After thinking about it I realized I liked traveling because of how peoples' paths intersect. With my personal work I create drawings of how people have traveled over their lifetime.

What you'll find is, that when you're working with a topic that interests you; you will become more invested in your work. This results in a stronger body of work because you are not only putting more time into the work, but you're also putting your own viewpoint into the work. In my experience, when you start creating work that you are truly invested in, your viewers will notice and respond positively to it.

HENRY NOVAK

(Send all advice questions to Henry on the Center of Vision Facebook page: Facebook.com/MassArtStudentNews)

UNLIKELY (or just plain Killer) PLACES TO HANG

Crystal Cove, Winthrop

Yo definitely go hang here. But go on a cloudy, gray Sunday, with mild temperatures. Enough so that is comfortable to sit outside, but still dreary enough that most people are gonna be absorbed into their couches. It'll be great— you'll have this whole cute little American town to yourself. It'll feel very much like your own little world to project your hopes and despairs upon. You'll watch the planes fly in from overhead, with the water all around— but the marshy kinda ugly water, ya know. Desolate streets and brownish green landscaping. Ah sublime.

Laundromat at Tai Tung Village, Chinatown

You got some work to do, but you don't really need the Internet? Take a change of scenery and go work in the Laundromat. They got tables and they'll let you hang. You mind your business; everybody else minds theirs. You'll get a great view of modular concrete high rises, filled with Chinese immigrants young and old. You can watch as a whole community goes about their day right outside the window of your new office. You get bored? There's a playground right in the courtyard. You get hungry? Pop into Chinatown Café and get some duck over rice.

The Wilderness at Franklin Park

Oh no, totally go hang here. You got all these marked, un-marked and semi-marked paths winding up bedrock and down hills and stuff. If it snows, go when it snows. Shit yes. You can get lost in the dense woods, both physically and spiritually. And then the soft blue twilight will hush over the woods— you'll want to stay there forever, caressed by the curing hand of nature and all her wonders. And then you'll get really hungry and walk 2 minutes to Eggleston Square to buy some beans and rice.

Thomas Crane Library, Quincy

Nah man, this is the place. But don't waste your time anywhere other than the Richardson Reading Room. Damn. Cubbies and nooks and crannies and cozy-annes. All these little spaces have been articulated just for you! A little space you can call your own. "Hey world, you may have taken everything else, but I control this little part of you! It's mine, and I feel safe!" Oh and the woodwork is fantastic. And the little notched windows give you just enough natural light/views of the white clapboard houses of New England. Read. Work. Dream. Existentialism.

Barber Shops on Blue Hill Ave, Mattapan

Haha, yeah, go here. Well first ya gotta take the Red Line to Ashmont, while listening to the Roots 'Undun' album. I mean of course. Then connect onto the Mattapan Trolley, and that's a trip man. It has some real Philly kinda vibes. You're raised up over Mattapan with urban landscapes on one side and cemeteries and parks on the other. All to the flickering yellow glow from the inside of the old trolley and a bunch of black youth jabbering with each other. Then continue the vibe in any one of the barbershops, but now only jabbering along yourself.

Muddy Charles Pub, MIT

If you can get in, (and it takes a little good fortune, or a twinkle of the eye) it's really rad. Technically only open to MIT students, this makeshift pub in a corner of old Walker Memorial Hall has the ultimate New England school vibe. The ultimate DIY setup: shitty wooden tables and chairs from the 70's on an equally shitty carpet. A dozen classmates and professors will crowd around a small table, spilling pints of beer all over themselves and each other. You'll feel like Finny from 'A Separate Peace'— or Gene, depending on your personality.

TOM HILSEE

MEETING TIMES, CLUBS ETC

Beatty Hall, Dining Hours, M-F 7am-8pm
Center of Vision, Kennedy 261, Tuesdays 7pm
Garden Collective, SIM, Mondays 7pm
Green T Coffee, Thursday and Saturdays until 3am
Il Mondo Pizza, Every day until 1am
Kennedy Dining Hours, M-TH 7:30am-8:30pm, F 7:30am-6:30pm, Sat-Sun, 10am- 6:30pm
MassArt Basketball, Tobin Center, Monday & Thursday 8-10
Outdoor Adventure Club, 2nd Floor Tower Tuesdays 7pm
Puppetry Club of Collaboration, North 276, Thursdays 7:30 PM
Queer Artists Union, Kennedy 260 Thursdays, 7pm
Writers Workshop, SGA Room, Kennedy, Tuesdays 7:30pm

WHAT'S GOING DOWN IN TOWN

Alison Saar: Still..., Exhibition, Bakalar Gallery Jan 23 - Mar 8

Bill T. Jones: Story-Time, Dance Performance, ICA Boston Feb 21, 7:30pm

Films of Lars von Trier, MFA, Feb 1-23

Jenelle Porter on Christina Ramberg, Artist Talk, ICA Boston, Feb 16, 2-3pm

Post-Sustainability: Thinking Big, MFA, Feb 26, 7pm

Surface, Exhibition, Paine Gallery, Jan 23 - Mar 1

Tangible Critically Artist Talks, Arnheim Gallery, Jan 23 - Feb 6, 1pm

Theresa-India Young, Exhibition, Presidents Gallery Feb 18 - Mar 21

Yun-Fei Ji, Visting Artist, Tower Auditorium, Feb 10, 6pm

Town Hall Meetings, held every 4-6 weeks, discussions about strategic planning for MassArt and opening dialogue throughout the campus. First meeting Feb 5, 1-2pm, Tower Aud.

Farewell Officer Mel. After ten years of service with Campus Police, Sergeant Mel Plantenberg is moving back to her home state.

Center of Vision, Seeking comics, illustrations, writing, poetry, and designers.

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